

Weather or not

By Ella Hatfield

It's gone six with a storm watch and
Everything is happening softer than you'd think
Thunder that doesn't boom But murmur
Like the cars so quiet on the road.
It's a slow road. And the tires don't peel
But pass like paper. Somewhere sirens are
Calling, not screaming but crooning. The trees
Don't lean ominously but gentle, like
Those wooden bones want a nap. Like they matter
To each other.
As for the crow, well it can't help itself.
It's gloomy. It's ominous.
It calls and caws and croaks
But it's a bird. And I don't put much count in them
Anyways. Drops of rain land, one after another
Softer than you'd think